A SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY COMIC FOR ADULTS

No 2

45p

NEAR MYTHS

KREMER

IN THIS ISSUE:-

★ LUTHER ARKWRIGHT

★ STAR RUN SHOW

★ TALES from the EDGE

+ REVIEWS OF THE LATEST FROM THE COMIC ART SCENE

...AND MORE...

GALAXY MEDIA
presents

NEAR MYTHS

NEAR MYTHS is published monthly as a Science Fiction and Fantasy Comic primarily for Adults, although it is suitable for older children.

No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

Any would-be contributers are asked to write first before mailing artwork or scripts of any kind, since the publishers and editor assume no responsibility for loss or injury to any unsolicited material.

EDITOR:	Rob King
ASSISTANT EDITOR:	Seoras Lindsay
PRODUCTION:	John Eunson
	Graham Manley
	George Forrest
Media Revue:	Andrew Margolis
	Seoras Lindsay

ADVERTISING

If you are interested in advertising in Near Myths then contact us for full rates including series discounts. Write or phone Galaxy Media Distribution.
Tel: 031-667 0426

Publishers please note:
Media Revue, mail order tie in available with merchandise advertised.

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWO

CONTENTS

Cover
Graham Manley

Luther Arkwright 5
Chapter 2 *Shadows*—written and drawn by Bryan Talbot.

Magor the Mage 13
The Lady in the Crystal—written by John Taylor, drawn by Chris Haddon.

Tales from the Edge 19
Part 2—written and drawn by Graham Manley.

Near Myths is published by Galaxy Media Distribution, 40 West Crosscauseway, Edinburgh 8, Scotland. Copywright on all artwork and scripts is held by the individual artists and writers.

Distributed by David Gold & Son Holding Ltd., Units 15–17a, Rich Industrial Estate, Crimscott Street London. SE1 5TE

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

OCTOBER 1978. COVER PRICE 45p U.K. $1.50 U.S.A.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

NEAR MYTHS
40,west crosscause-
way, Edinburgh,
Scotland.

Mail Order and Media Review 26

New feature, the latest from the Science Fiction and Comic World reviewed and available by post.

Kraimer 29

Twilight Lingering—written by Michael Wilson, drawn by Graham Manley.

The Star Run Saga 33

Dusk Over Dreddon—written and drawn by John Eunson.

Radio Comix 43

Invasion of the Radio Men—written and drawn by Bonk.

Time Is A Four Lettered Word 47

—written and drawn by Grant Morrison.

EDITORIAL

GIVING IT TO YOU STRAIGHT

Welcome to what I feel is a vastly improved 2nd issue. A great effort has been made to improve the standard of the art and the strength of the plots, also we have learnt a lot on the production side. This I feel makes Issue 2 overshadow Issue 1 and it is hoped that this can be repeated with Issue 3, this time paying particular attention to the lettering.

The Media Revue and Mail Order is a new and regular feature with which we hope to bring you the best and latest offerings from the Science Fiction and Comic Art world. Also a new Artist joins us this issue, Grant Morrison from Glasgow with his strip "Time is a four letter word". Grant's serial "Gideon Stargrave" will be starting in the next issue.

At the time of this issue going to print I have been experiencing distribution problems making Near Myths not exactly the easiest publication to get hold of. Unfortunately in this department it is not the reader you have to please but the various wholesalers and magazine buyers for the big chain stores. The main comment I have heard is "I can't understand why adults want to read comics". This explains the poor state of British publishing when you consistently come up against this brick wall and also why we see so many American publications that have a good home market, being put out cheap on the British market where circulation is not too important to them. All this leads to the next point which is the frequency of publication of Near Myths. At the moment Near Myths is monthly but we may have to stretch out the gap between issues in order to obtain a perspective on how the comic is selling since the money to produce Near Myths is not limitless. This way if problems do arise we have a better chance of survival. So I hope you will bear with us and help us to establish Britain's only national adult comic.

Rob King, Editor.

Correspondence

We hope to start a letters page next issue so feel free to write to Near Myths with your comments, criticisms and suggestions.

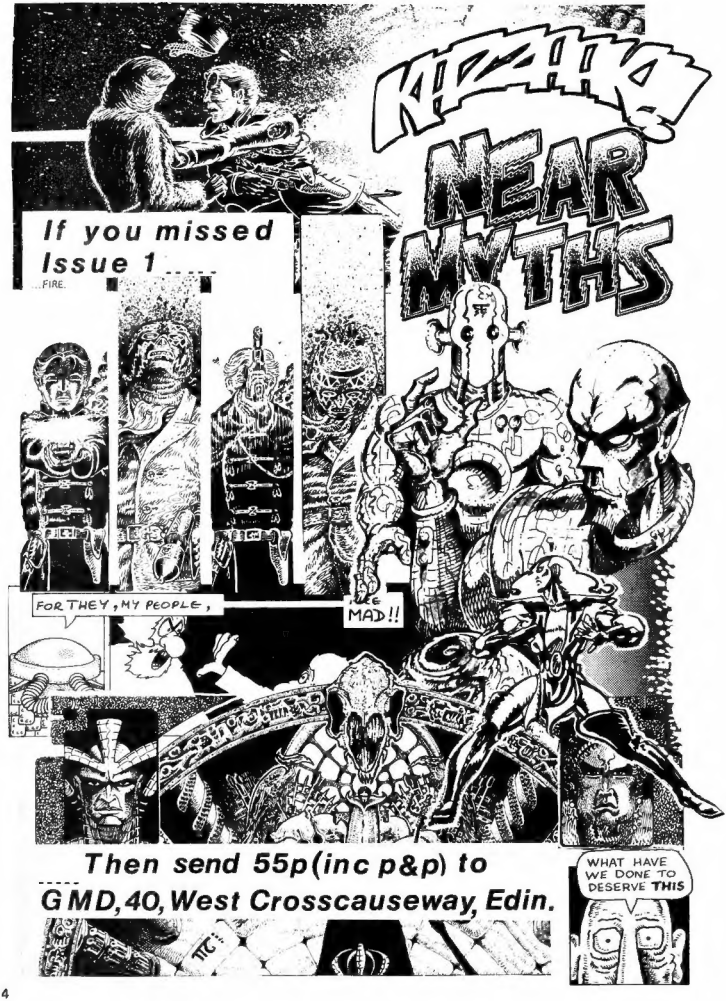
The artists and writers will gladly receive any letters you wish to write concerning their material.

Subscribe

FREE SET OF GALAXY MEDIA CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH 6 AND 12 ISSUE SUBSCRIPTIONS

All money, cheques, etc., to be made payable to Galaxy Media Distribution in Sterling only.

Britain and Surface Mail Overseas:		*Air Mail Overseas:*	
3 issues	: £1.65	3 issues	: £2.25
6 issues	: £3.30	6 issues	: £4.50
12 issues	: £6.60	12 issues	: £9.00


KIDZAK
NEAR MYTHS
If you missed Issue 1
FIRE.
FOR THEY, MY PEOPLE,
E MAD!!
Then send 55p (inc p&p) to
GMD, 40, West Crosscauseway, Edin.
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO DESERVE THIS

The Adventures of Luther Arkwright

CHAPTER TWO

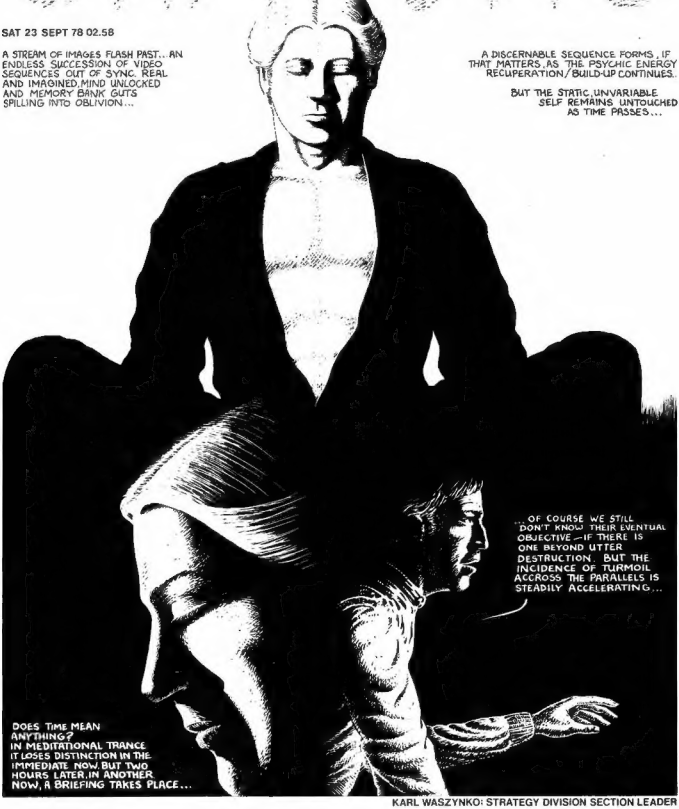
SHADOWS

SAT 23 SEPT 78 02.58

A STREAM OF IMAGES FLASH PAST... AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF VIDEO SEQUENCES OUT OF SYNC. REAL AND IMAGINED, MIND UNLOCKED AND MEMORY BANK GUTS SPILLING INTO OBLIVION...

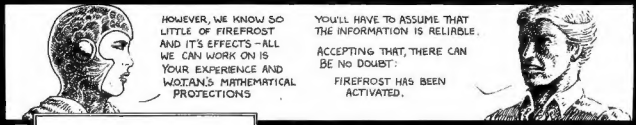
A DISCERNABLE SEQUENCE FORMS, IF THAT MATTERS, AS THE PSYCHIC ENERGY RECUPERATION/BUILD-UP CONTINUES.

BUT THE STATIC, UNVARIABLE SELF REMAINS UNTOUCHED AS TIME PASSES...

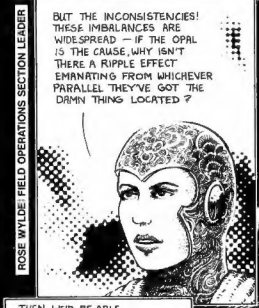


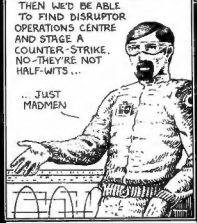
KARL WASZYNKO: STRATEGY DIVISION SECTION LEADER

LONDON: PARA.00.00.00 SAT 23 SEPT 78 05.08

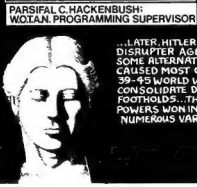


ROSE WYLDE: FIELD OPERATIONS SECTION LEADER





PARSIFAL C.HACKENBUSH: W.O.T.AN. PROGRAMMING SUPERVISOR

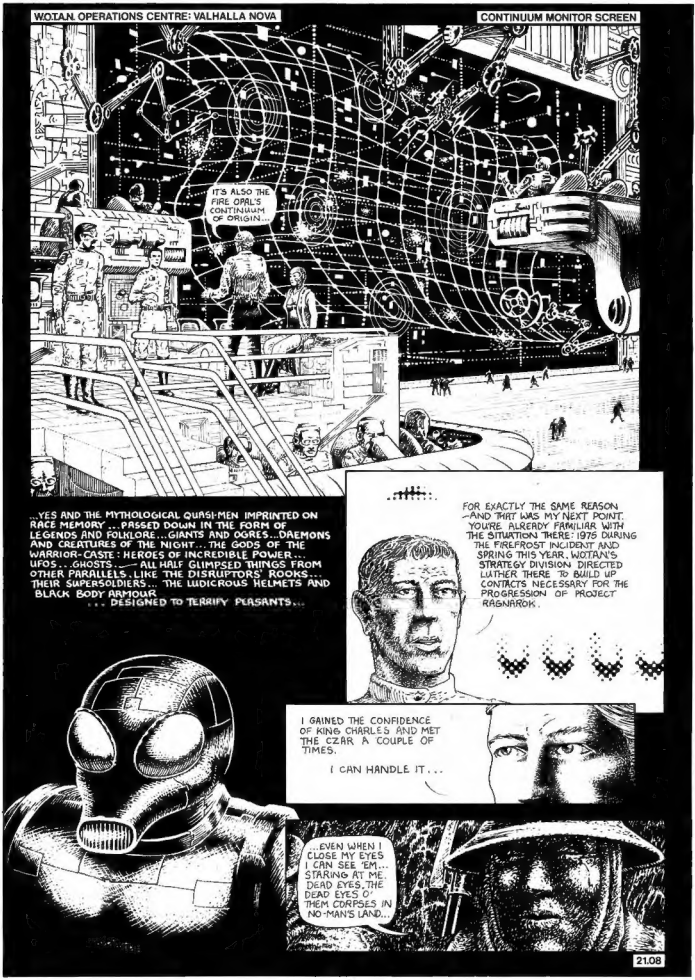


TIME... LAST NIGHT WHILST THE CRYSTAL PALACE BURNED, TWO MILES AWAY, ANOTHER ROSE WYLDE FELT THE FURS AGAINST HER SKIN AND THE WARM DAMPNESS ALONG WITH MANY OF HER OTHER, EMPATHIC SELVES... "TIME, HE FLEXES LIKE A WHORE" SANG BOWIE AND SIXTY-ONE YEARS AGO ARKWRIGHT'S GRANDFATHER WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN ONE OF THE 14-18 WARS... MOST OF WHICH WERE ENGINEERED BY DISRUPTOR FACTIONS AS IT TURNED OUT...

01.15 01.18 04.35

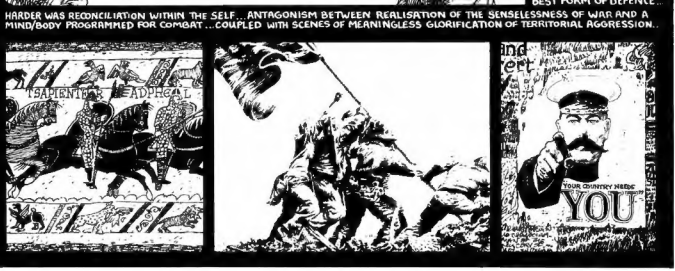
YPRES: PARA.00.30.22 SAT 28 JAN 17 21.04

LONDON: PARA.00.38.56 FRI 22 SEPT 78 10.56
GOOD MORNING LUTHER
...AND YESTERDAY MORNING BEFORE THE NAPALM ATTACK, THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY SCREAMED OF THE UNIVERSALITY OF HUMAN CRUELTY... A CONSTANT LEVEL OF SUFFERING OVER THE CENTURIES... ACROSS THE PARALLELS... SO MANY ALTERNATIVES... SOME ARE PURE CHAOS... SOME JUST RUBBLE FLOATING IN SPACE... SOME WORLDS RADIOACTIVE WASTES... LIKE 02.79.10... BITTER MEMORIES OF MENTAL PROGRAMMING... WEAPONS TRAINING... YEARS OF SEXUAL ABSTINENCE... "YOU'VE BEEN MAKING UP FOR IT SINCE" ROSE LAUGHED... LAST NIGHT AGAIN NOW AND HER PERFECT LOTUS YONI...
FRANK?
YER?
I CAN STILL SEE 'EM FRANK
WHAT?
21.08
...WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE BRIEFING: SEVERAL MONTHS AGO WOTAN PREDICTED THAT CONTINUUM 00-72-87 WOULD BE THE VARIATION MOST SUITED TO OUR ASSAULT. 00-72-87 OCCUPIES A FAIRLY CENTRAL POSITION IN THE MULTIVERSE — ANY DISTURBANCE THERE WILL BE ECHOED IN HUNDREDS OF OTHER PARALLELS.
THE CRISIS, THE THREAT OF FIREFROST INTRUDES... ...DISRUPTORS ARE CLEVER FOOLS... FOR ALL THEIR TECHNOLOGY THEY MISUNDERSTAND THE OPAL... IT CAN'T BE CONTROLLED OR DIRECTED... DISINTEGRATING THE FABRIC OF THE MULTIVERSE... SLOWLY NOW... THE SPEED ACCELERATING IN MATHEMATICAL PROGRESSION UNTIL ANCIENT PREDICTIONS BECOME REALITY... THE LAST JUDGEMENT/APOCALYPSE OF REVELATIONS — THE PARANOID HALLUCINOGENIC RAMBLINGS OF ST JOHN... THE TEUTONIC GOTTERDAMMERUNG OR NORSE RAGNAROK — THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS... THE KALI YUGA OF THE HINDUS... CHARLIE MANSON'S HELTER SKELTER...
05.12


WOTAN OPERATIONS CENTRE: VALHALLA NOVA
CONTINUUM MONITOR SCREEN
IT'S ALSO THE FIRE OPAL'S CONTINUUM OF ORIGIN...
...YES AND THE MYTHOLOGICAL QUASI-MEN IMPRINTED ON RACE MEMORY... PASSED DOWN IN THE FORM OF LEGENDS AND FOLKLORE... GIANTS AND OGRES... DAEMONS AND CREATURES OF THE NIGHT... THE GODS OF THE WARRIOR-CASTE: HEROES OF INCREDIBLE POWER... UFOS... GHOSTS...—ALL HALF GLIMPSED THINGS FROM OTHER PARALLELS. LIKE THE DISRUPTORS' ROOKS... THEIR SUPERSOLDIERS... THE LUDICROUS HELMETS AND BLACK BODY ARMOUR
... DESIGNED TO TERRIFY PEASANTS...
FOR EXACTLY THE SAME REASON —AND THAT WAS MY NEXT POINT. YOU'RE ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH THE SITUATION THERE: 1975 DURING THE FIREFROST INCIDENT AND SPRING THIS YEAR. WOTAN'S STRATEGY DIVISION DIRECTED LATHER THERE TO BUILD UP CONTACTS NECESSARY FOR THE PROGRESSION OF PROJECT RAGNARÖK.
I GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF KING CHARLES AND MET THE CZAR A COUPLE OF TIMES.
I CAN HANDLE IT...
...EVEN WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES I CAN SEE 'EM... STARING AT ME. DEAD EYES. THE DEAD EYES O' THEM CORPSES IN NO-MAN'S LAND...
21.08

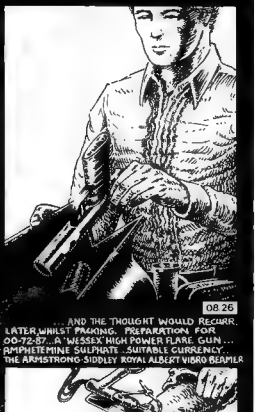
NOSTRODAMUS FORESAW THE 14-18 WARS...BUT THE GENERALS FORESAW NOTHING. REMEMBERING WATERLOO AND BALACLAVA...THEN THE MASS INFANTRY CHARGES TURNED THE WESTERN FRONT INTO THE SAUSAGE MACHINE BUT "WAR IS AN ELEMENT IN GOD'S NATURAL ORDER" SAID VON MOLTKE —AND ALL THE DEATH WAS JUSTIFIED...THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY SPELLS IT OUT BUT IT'S OBVIOUS ANYWAY FROM CRECY TO IOWA JIMA... OBSERVATION OVER A LONG PERIOD IS THE METHOD OF DETERMINING ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS... CONSTANT WARFARE IN THE NAME OF GOD/COUNTRY/GREED...AN ENDLESS PAWN CLASH ...BUT EVEN NOW IT BALANCES... CAUSE AND EFFECT... FORCE TO STOP FORCE ...ARMED NEUTRALITY...ARMAGEDDON BY NUMBERS...YES, IN ABSTRACT FORM IT RECONCILED...

HARDER WAS RECONCILIATION WITHIN THE SELF...ANTAGONISM BETWEEN REALISATION OF THE SENSELESSNESS OF WAR AND A MIND/BODY PROGRAMMED FOR COMBAT...COUPLED WITH SCENES OF MEANINGLESS GLORIFICATION OF TERRITORIAL AGGRESSION.



...THEN A CARD SPINNING IN SPACE ...A TAROT CARD OF THE MAJOR ARCANA ...NUMBER TEN...THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE / ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF MEDIEVAL IMAGES...THE WHEEL OF CHANGE... A KARMIC SYMBOL OF DEATH AND REBIRTH PERSONIFYING DESTINY. AND LUTHER ARKWRIGHT IS THE SON OF DESTINY... AN INSTRUMENT OF FATE INFLUENCING THE COURSE OF HISTORY... IT WAS REVEALED...
THE SITUATION IS IN ACCORDANCE WITH WOTAN'S OBJECTIVE.
IF WE CAN CAUSE AN IMBALANCE TOO GREAT FOR THE DISRUPTORS TO HANDLE THROUGH AGENTS — THEY'LL HAVE TO STEP IN PERSONALLY TO HOLD THEIR GAINS ON THAT PARALLEL.
05.16
REVEALED — WHEN? AFTER GROSVENOR SQUARE THINGS GOT HAZY BUT IT WAS ONE NIGHT MIND ENGULFED BY STRAMONIUM, IN HIGHGATE CEMETARY ...NO! ...TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY ...AND THE EFFIGY OF KARL MARX BROKE INTO SMALL PIECES FLYING INTO THE DARKNESS...
WE'RE GOING TO COMMIT AN ACT OF AGGRESSION?
THE RECURRING VISION OF DEATH INTERVENES...FACE UP AND ARMS SPREAD IN GESTURE OF CRUCIFIXION... PERSONAL DESTINY? PRECOGNITION? GUILT? ...A SNATCH OF "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"...THEN HARLAN ELLISON: "PAIN IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE UNIVERSE"... A DUEL ...THE FUNERAL OF POPE PAUL ... 00-72-87 ... ANNE — THE PRINCESS OF THE ROYALIST REBELS... LAST SPRING...THE MAZE... BUT STILL THERE WAS A RECOGNITION THAT INEXORABLE FORCES WERE MOULDING HISTORICAL EVENTS. THE NORNS' THREADS OF FATE ?
OF COURSE, SOME WORLD GOVERNMENT MINISTERS ARE UPSET ABOUT THE INTENTION TO STIR THINGS UP ON 00-72-87...
BUT WE HAVE TO MOVE FIRST — BEFORE THE PREDICTED CATASTROPHE
THE OPAL WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING — EVEN THE DISRUPTORS
RANDOM CHANCE IS MORE APPERLING, BUT DESTINY'S STRANGLEHOLD IS UNBREAKABLE ...AND THE VICTIMS OF DESTINY SCREAM AND WRITHE IN SILENT, FROZEN PROTEST...
WHEN THEIR TOY SOLDIERS COME INTO THE OPEN TO DEAL WITH THE REBELLION WOTAN WILL BE WAITING...
...READY TO LOCK ON IMMEDIATELY AND TRACE THEM BACK TO THEIR SOURCE.
AND THEN...?

RECONCILIATION COMES AMIDST IMAGES OF MASS DESTRUCTION... CHEMICAL, GERM AND ATOMIC WARFARE PALE BEFORE THE POWER OF FIREFROST AND IT'S LAST NIGHT AGAIN WITH ROSE IN THE THROES OF ORGASM... GASPS AND MOANS AND PULSING FLESH ...AN EASY ONE TO INTERPRET ... SEX AND DEATH ...THE TWO GREAT REALITIES...



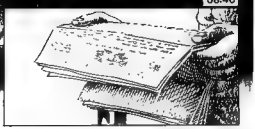
08.26

...AND THE THOUGHT WOULD RECURR. LATER, WHILST PACKING. PREPARATION FOR 00-72-87...A "WESSEX" HIGH POWER FLARE GUN... AMPHETEMINE SULPHATE ...SUITABLE CURRENCY THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDLEY ROYAL ALBERT VIGRO BEAMLER

08.38

...THEN THE ANTI-RABIES AND OTHER SHOTS OVER AT MEDICAL AND A QUICK SCAN THROUGH THE TREATY BEFORE LEAVING FOR ST PETERSBURG..

08.40



AND SOON AFTER THAT... LONDON AND KING CHARLES... AND THE PRINCESS ROYALE AGAIN...

THIS IS IT ... THE BIG OPERATION... INSTIGATING AND MANIPULATING A WORLD WAR AS A MEANS TO AN END ...AND EVEN THEN - WILL IT BE WORTH THE TROUBLE? IT'S JUST A LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO FIND THE OPAL.

AND WHEN/IF THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE IS FOUND, IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF DE-ACTIVATING IT?

BUT NOW THE QUESTION IS THEORETICAL ... THE PLAN OF ACTION MAPPED OUT. IT WILL BE FOLLOWED THROUGH TO ITS CONCLUSION.. BY A GENETIC WARRIOR. UNDER DNA DICTATION

TODAY'S DATE – 23RD OF SEPTEMBER . THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX ...AND, REPLENISHING BURNT-OUT PSYCHIC ENERGY RESERVES, THE MEDITATION CONTINUES...

©STILLBOT 1978 TROLLAN 2

SAT 23 SEPT 78 02.58

To be Continued...

STOP MESSING ABOUT

If you want all the latest imports (DC, Marvel, and Warren)
American and British sci-fi books
masses of underground comix
French magazines and books
badges, posters, etc...
this is the place to get them

FOREVER PEOPLE

for 1st send SAE to

U.K. distributor for Metal Hurlant

the largest sci-fi and comics shop outside London

now moved to new premises, including a separate comics room with thousands of back issues, at

59 Park Street, Bristol 1
tel. 0272 25454

also still at 2 Silver St., Bristol 1

BE SEEING YOU!!

Design: Neil King

DARK THEY WERE AND GOLDEN EYED

For the largest selection of Science Fiction in the Universe! Plus, posters, comics & comix

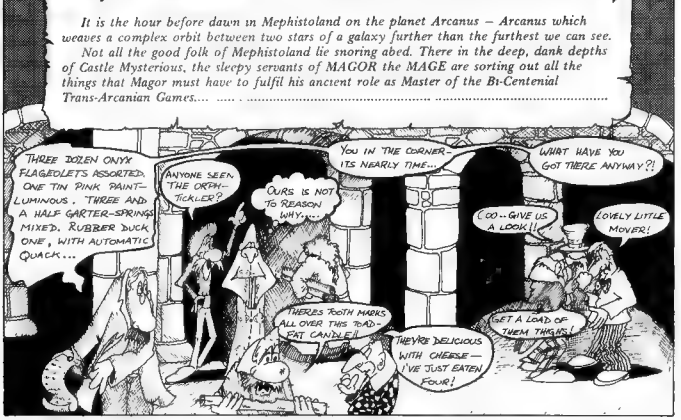
9-12 St. Anne's Court (off Wardour St) London W1 – Send S.A.E. for list

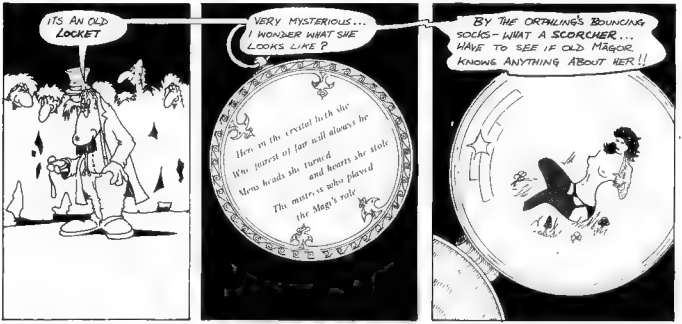
MAGOR the MAGE

AND THE LADY IN THE CRYSTAL

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR DRAWN BY CHRIS HADDON

It is the hour before dawn in Mephistoland on the planet Arcanus – Arcanus which weaves a complex orbit between two stars of a galaxy further than the furthest we can see. Not all the good folk of Mephistoland lie snoring abed. There in the deep, dank depths of Castle Mysterious, the sleepy servants of MAGOR the MAGE are sorting out all the things that Magor must have to fulfil his ancient role as Master of the Bi-Centenial Trans-Arcanian Games.... .....





© Copyright Haddon/Taylor

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, DOBBINS THE DOMO RUNS THROUGH LABYRINTHINE CATACOMBS SEARCHING FOR THE MAGE...

AH DOBBINS! I'VE JUST BEEN LOOKING AT THOSE IDIOTS PREPARING FOR THE GAMES. YE PINK AND PURPLE GODS! WHAT A MESS!!!

I KNOW ITS ONLY ONCE EVERY 200 YEARS, BUT STILL ITS ALWAYS THE SAME POMPOUS SPEECHES, OFFICIALS PRACTICING LOOKING OFFICIOUS, SKINNY BLOKES PUFFING OUT THEIR CHESTS...(MUMBLE, MUMBLE) GOT EVERYTHING?

SURE! LOOK!

BUT...BUT...

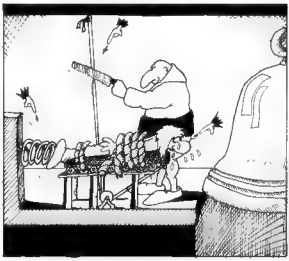
I BET SOME IDIOTS EATEN THE TOADS-FAT CANDLES...ALWAYS DOES YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES...ITS NEARLY TIME! WE MUST ANAY!!

YES BUT!?

DOBBINS COMES ACROSS HIS MASTER COMMUNICATING WITH THE SOUL STONE.

AS DOBBINS TURNS TO FOLLOW HIS MASTER...THE LOCKET SLIPS FROM HIS POCKET!!

AND COMES TO REST ON THE SOUL STONE!!!



Copyright Haddon Taylor

AS THE BELL RINGS OUT IN THE GREAT HALL ...

UNLEASH THE GREAT ORPH!

DONG

MAGOR AND DOBBINS ARE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE ACCIDENTAL TOUCHING OF THE LOCKET AND THE SOUL STONE .. AND ITS STRANGE CONSEQUENCES .....

IN THE MEANTIME THE GREAT ORPH IS UNLEASHED... CONFUSION REIGNS...

..UNTIL AT LAST MAGOR, DOBBINS, ORPH, BAG AND BAGGAGE FLY OFF INTO THE RISING SUN .

WOMEN IS POISON.. POISON!

YOU COULD VIEW THEM FROM MY TENT THOUGH.

LET ONE IN, YOU HAVE TO LET THEM ALL IN!!

KOOT-HOOM! WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!

WHERE YOU SHOULDN'T BE YOUNG LADY. NO WOMEN ARE ALLOWED AT THE TRANS-ARCANIAN GAMES!

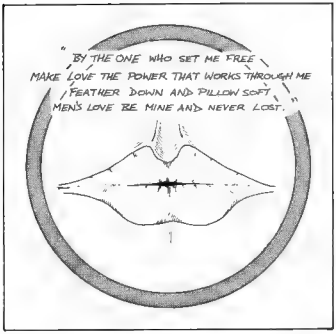
WHERE AM I?

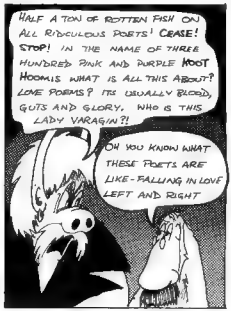
THE GAMES... BUT HOW.. NEVER MIND I'M HERE

NOW HOW DID THAT OLD LOVE SPELL GO?

MEANWHILE AT THE GAMES WHERE EACH COUNTRY'S LEADERS ARE REHEARSING THEIR SPEECHES FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Copyright Haddon/Taylor





Copyright Haddon-Taylor

ENOUGH OF POETS! BRING ON THE ARCANIAN POLE - BOXERS!!

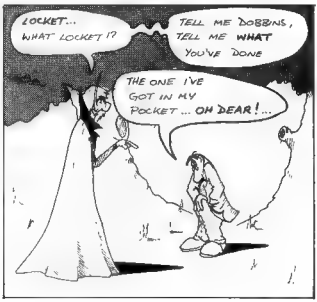
BUT BEFORE THE GAMES CAN CONTINUE...
SHE'S HERE! - SHE'S HERE!

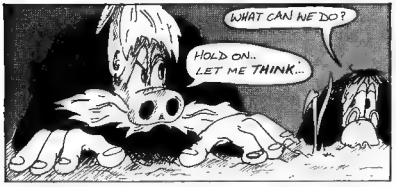
VARGH
VARGH

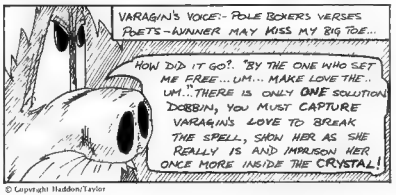
THE LADY VARAGIN ENTERS...

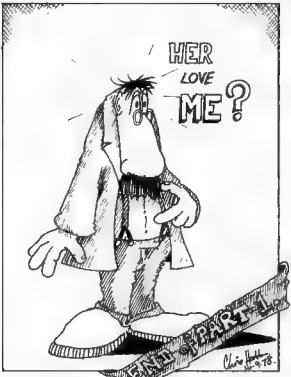
IT CAN'T BE.. IT MUST BE.... ... BUT HOW!!!

ITS ITS ITS THE WOMAN IN THE LOCKET!!


LOCKET... WHAT LOCKET!?
TELL ME DOBBINS, TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE
THE ONE I'VE GOT IN MY POCKET... OH DEAR!...

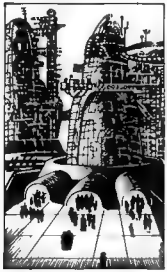






© Copyright Haddon/Taylor

I REALIZED THAT I WAS BEING FOLLOWED AS SOON AS I LEFT RORK--GLANFF SPACE-PORT ON ALGOL-CENTRAL...



THERE WERE TWO OF THEM ..BIG GUYS... EITHER THEY WERE INDEPENDANT OPERATORS OR C.D.C UNDERCOVER AGENTS...

MORE TO THE POINT I DIDN'T WANT TO FIND OUT... WHO-EVER THEY WERE THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN I WAS HERE.

BY THE TIME I'D REACHED THE MAZE AREA I THOUGHT I'D GIVEN THEM THE SLIP...

SCRIPT & ART © 1978 GRAHAM MANLEY.

I HAD BEEN HIRED ANONYMOUSLY TO FIND ONE JALEN STARVENSK, QUANTUM PHYSICIST TURNED INTERGALACTIC GUERRILLA, WHO HAD GAINED QUITE A REPUTATION AS A THORN IN THE FLESH OF THE EMPIRE BEFORE HIS DISAPPEARANCE. WHY—I DIDN'T KNOW. WHAT I DID KNOW WAS THAT WHOEVER WAS EMPLOYING ME WAS VERY ANXIOUS THAT THE AUTHORITIES SHOULDN'T FIND HIM FIRST. NOW, I DON'T USUALLY TAKE ANONYMOUS COMMISIONS BUT WHEN THEY PAY A MILLION CREDITS, HALF IN ADVANCE, THEN MY NATURAL CAUTION TAKES A BREAK...

KAGAS' BAR: OCCASIONAL HANGOUT OF HALF THE GALAXYS' TRANSIENT NEO-CRIMINAL CLASSES... A GOOD PLACE TO START LOOKING...

MY FIRST MOVE WAS TO LOCATE YAROV THE WEASEL...

THINGS WERE MOVING TOO FAST IN A DIRECTION I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO GO... I HEADED FOR THE BAR... I HAD TO THINK...

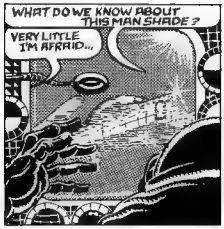
I WAS OUT OF THAT PLACE FASTER THAN A MARTIAN ZIVET!!

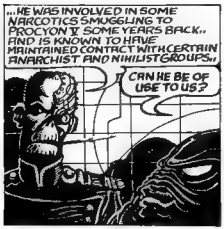
IT WAS THE TWO HEAVIES FROM THE SPACEPORT... SO R.D. SNAKESGIRTHS' MOB HAD A HAND IN THIS...

WHAT A MESS! THE ONLY COURSE OF ACTION NOW OPEN TO ME SEEMED TO BE GETTING BACK IN TOUCH WITH THE ANDROID THAT HIRED ME...

I WAS BEGINNING TO REGRET TAKING THIS ASSIGNMENT!!

I PICKED UP AN AEROCAB TO GAIN SOME BREATHING SPACE


WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THIS MAN SHADE?
VERY LITTLE I'M AFRAID...


...HE WAS INVOLVED IN SOME NARCOTICS SMUGGLING TO PROCYON II SOME YEARS BACK.. AND IS KNOWN TO HAVE MAINTAINED CONTACT WITH CERTAIN ANARCHIST AND NIHILIST GROUPS..
CAN HE BE OF USE TO US?

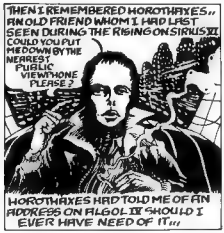
POSSIBLY, POSSIBLY... HE MAY LEAD US TO STARVENSKY. PERHAPS MARRIK.. HIS HOMEWORLD IS SAID TO BE SOL III, DON'T YOU HAVE AN ESTATE THERE ARCHBISHOP?
YES, A PRETTY LITTLE PLACE.. VERY UNSPOILED, I AM FREE THERE TO INDULGE MYSELF.. YOU UNDERSTAND.

PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO VACATION THERE SOMETIME MY DEAR COLONEL KANSER?
HAH!! I HAVE LITTLE TIME FOR HOLIDAYS, I MUST BE EVER VIGILANT.. THERE ARE SPIES AND TRAITORS EVERYWHERE.. HAVE A CARE ARCHBISHOP THAT YOUR PECADILLOES DO NOT BRING ABOUT A.. SHALL WE SAY - A FALL FROM GRACE!!

SHALL WE CONTINUE SURVEILLANCE COLONEL..
YES - YES, OF COURSE.. THINK OF IT ARCHBISHOP! IF WE CAN OBTAIN THE KNOWLEDGE LOCKED IN STARVENSKY'S BRAIN - WHY THEN THE VERY FABRIC OF REALITY MAY BE RE-ARRANGED - A GALAXY PURGED - SWEPT CLEAN OF ALL THE FILTH AND SCUM - A UNIVERSE OF ANTISEPTIC WHITENESS - OF MATHEMATICAL PRECISION...

KANSER IS HOPELESSLY INSANE - OBSESSED WITH HIS OWN STERILE VISION - STILL WITH THE RESOURCES OF THE C.D.C. ADDED TO MY OWN...
..OF PRISTINE PURITY.. OF.. OF.. - OUT OF MY WAY CRETIN!

I LIT UP A JOINT OF ALDEBARAN PURPLE AND PREPARED TO CONTEMPLATE THE SITUATION...
I HAD HALF A MIND TO JUST SPLIT WITH THE 500,000 CR AND FORGET THE WHOLE DEBACLE..


THEN I REMEMBERED HOROTHAXES.. AN OLD FRIEND WHOM I HAD LAST SEEN DURING THE RISING ON SIRIUS VI
COULD YOU PUT ME DOWN BY THE NEAREST PUBLIC VIEWPHONE PLEASE?
HOROTHAXES HAD TOLD ME OF AN ADDRESS ON ALGOL IV SHOULD I EVER HAVE NEED OF IT...

JUST AS WE REACHED STREET LEVEL I SAW THEM.. COMING IN FAST AND LOW BEHIND US...

AIM FOR THE ENGINE NASCELLES, R.D. WANTS HIM ALIVE, IF POSSIBLE..

GET DOWN— QUICK!!

LOOK OUT!! WE'REGOING TO....

SKR EE EEEEEEE

KRUMP!

I WAS RELATIVELY UNSCATHED, THE DRIVER, HOWEVER WASN'T SO LUCKY—HE WAS OUT LIKE A LIGHT, BUT STILL BREATHING. I WAS TRYING TO MAN OEUVRE HIM OUT OF THE REMAINS OF HIS CAB WHEN—ZAP!!— INSTANT OBLIVION.

UGH!!

WHEN I CAME TO, MY HEAD FELT AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN STOMPED ON BY A HERD OF WILD KLANTHASH!!
AS THE FUZZ CLEARED FROM MY BRAIN I TOOK STOCK OF MY SURROUNDINGS... IT WASN'T EXACTLY THE PLUSH HILTON!!
I FIGURED THAT I WAS NOW A RELUCTANT GUEST OF THE NOTORIOUS R.P. SNAKESKIRTH / REPUTED TO BE THE BIGGEST RACKETEER THIS SIDE OF ALPHA CENTAURI !!
HEY! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO AROUND HERE TO GET SOME ROOM SERVICE?
HUH?
I HAD TO PLAY THINGS BY EAR FROM NOW ON — THE THING WAS — WHY WAS SNAKESKIRTH SO ANXIOUS TO MAKE MY ACQUAINTANCE??
FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS I SEEMED TO BE ON SOME SORT OF SPACECRAFT... ...A BIG ONE...
C'MON BUDDY MOVE IT! THE BOSS DOESN'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING!!
THIS SETUP POSITIVELY REEKED OF CASH...
AH! MR SHADE, I AM KATERINA RODRIQUEZ DE QUINCEY, MR SNAKESKIRTH'S SECOND IN COMMAND. MY EMPLOYER IS INDISPOSED AT PRESENT. HOW GOOD OF YOU TO HONOUR US WITH YOUR PRESENCE!
YEAH WELL THE INVITATION WAS RATHER PRESSING, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TELL ME WHY YOU'VE HAD ME TAILED, SHOT AT AND ALMOST BLOWN TO BITS?
OH COME NOW MR SHADE, DON'T BE NAIVE — YOU'RE LOOKING FOR JALENBIRAVENSK — SO ARE WE. PERHAPS WE CAN CO-OPERATE TO OUR MUTUAL ADVANTAGE...
ALRIGHT, JUST SAY I AM LOOKING FOR THIS SIRAVENSK... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT TO WHINE A PEEL WITH YOU?
OH! PLEASE DON'T BE DIFFICULT OR I SHALL BE FORCED TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU SIMPLY CAN'T REFUSE...
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT HOLD OF THE INFORMATION IN THAT DOSSIER, BUT THEY SURE WERE THOROUGH!
HMMM, HMMM... IT CERTAINLY MAKES INTERESTING READING... COLONEL KAINSER OF THE C.D.C WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE...
SHE REALLY HAD ME IN A CORNER, — ONE THING I DIDN'T NEED RIGHT NOW WAS A RUN IN WITH THE C.D.C.
O.K — WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE??

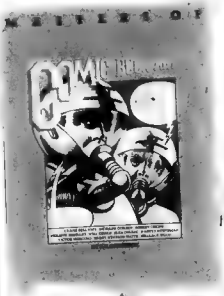
EXCELLENT! I KNEW YOU'D SEE REASON. NOW, LISTEN— TWO MONTHS AGO ONE OF OUR SHIPS, THE 'LOTUS EATER' RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AROUND THE ARCTURUS SYSTEM, DOCKED AT AN UNMAPPED ASTEROID TO EFFECT MINOR REPAIRS...
...WHILE THERE SOMETHING VERY STRANGE OCCURRED. A HUGE CRAFT SUDDENLY SLIPPED OUT OF SUB-SPACE BESIDE THEM, AND BEFORE THE CREW COULD BE FULLY ALERTED, ARMED RAIDERS OVERWHELMED THE SHIP!
MAROONING THE CREW ON THE ASTEROID THE INTERLOPER WARPED OUT AGAIN — TAKING THE 'LOTUS EATER' WITH IT.
THE LEADER OF THE RAIDING PARTY HAS BEEN POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AS SALEN STARVENSK. WE WANT THAT SHIP'S CARGO MR SHADE!!
WHAT CARGO WAS SHE CARRYING?
MOLOCHITE, MR SHADE. 1 BILLION CREDITS WORTH OF MOLOCHITE — THE MOST HIGHLY FASHIONABLE AND UNSTABLE SUBSTANCE KNOWN
NOW WORD HAS REACHED US THAT STARVENSK HAS BEEN SEEN ON KATTALUS, THE PRISON PLANET. HOW HE GOT THERE, OR HIS PURPOSE WE NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE; BUT WE WANT HIM, AND WE WANT YOU, MR SHADE TO GO TO KATTALUS AND BRING HIM BACK!
WHAT? KATTALUS? ARE YOU KIDDING? ME? GO THERE? THAT PLACE IS A FORTRESS... NO SANE PERSON GOES THERE VOLUNTARILY!!
COUNTESS DE QUINCEY!!
YES? WHAT IS IT?
POLICE VESSELS... ALONGSIDE... THEY'RE REQUESTING CLEARANCE
HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION!!
ATTENTION!! SPACE YACHT 'HEDONIA'!! THIS IS ALGOL FEDERAL POLICE. WE HAVE DULY AUTHORISED WARRANTS TO SEARCH FOR DOCUMENTS RELATED TO ALLEGED TAX EVASION. IF CLEARANCE IS NOT GRANTED WE WILL BOARD YOU, USING FORCE IF NECESSARY!!
WELL, IT LOOKED AS THOUGH WE MIGHT ALL BE GOING TO KATTALUS!! THE EASY WAY!!
TO BE CONTINUED...
© GRAHAM MANLEY 1978.

From Big O Publishing 228 Fulham Road, London SW10 9NB

SIX OF THE BEST

MASTERS OF COMIC BOOK ART

Portfolios of ten major artists from Robert Crumb to Druillet, with their work discussed in detail. Wherever possible the illustrations have been reproduced from the original artwork. Comics are no longer just for kids 128 pages 42 full colour **£4.95.**

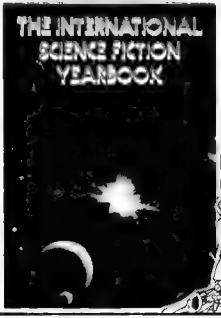


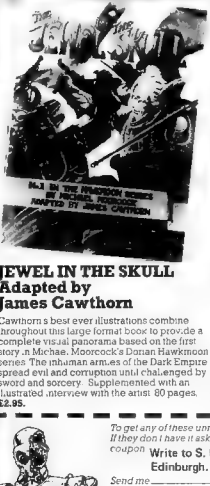
FRANK KELLY FREAS
The Art of Science Fiction

The first book by the world's most renowned SF illustrator. An exciting sampling of over 25 years of his famous illustrations for SF mags and books. With an introduction by Isaac Asimov 120 pages full colour **£4.50.**

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK

The ultimate book of SF info on the market. Packed into 368 pages everything from fanzines, publishers and artists to movies, record hops and conventions. Illustrations too from artists such as Frank Kelly Freas **£2.95.**





JEWEL IN THE SKULL
Adapted by James Cawthorn

Cawthorn's best ever illustrations combine throughout this large format book to provide a complete visual panorama based on the first story in Michael Moorcock's Dorian Hawkmoon series. The inhuman armies of the Dark Empire spread evil and corruption until challenged by sword and sorcery. Supplemented with an illustrated interview with the artist 80 pages. **£2.95.**

MECHANISMO
Harry Harrison

The future has come. Here the machines of SF the hardware and muscle of interplanetary space travel space cities, robots and androids at time machines are real. Their history and current specifications are charted and visualised with the help of scores of specially commissioned pics from the best SF artists 120 pages 60 full colour **£4.95.**

ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE 1979

This coming year's calendar from Rodney Matthews. A journey into further dimensions beyond our imaginations, the fantastic worlds depicted by the artist for each of the 12 months have the added bonus of a pictorial anthology of all Rodney's published work. A calendar for tomorrow to keep forever **£3.95.**

To get any of these unmissable items take a trip to your nearest supplier. If they don't have it ask 'em why. Otherwise add 50p p&p and fill in the coupon. **Write to S. F. Bookshop, 40 West Crosscauseway, Edinburgh. Cheques payable to the same.**

Send me _____

_____

Enclosed £ _____ *inc 50p p&p per book*

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

MEDIA REVIEW

S.F.BOOKSHOP (mail order)

The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever by Stephen Donaldson. Fontana 1978. Vol. I **Lord Foul's Bane** Vol. II **The Illearth War** Vol. III **The Power that Preserves** £1.25 each.

The prospect of reading this massive trilogy—with 'comparable to Tolkien' blazoned across the cover—filled me with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation. The memory of the atrocious 'Sword of Shannara' by the thrice-accursed Terry Brooks still makes me suspicious of any book so described: but Donaldson's originality performed the seemingly impossible, dispelling my fears after the first few chapters. In his grasp, old cliches like magical rings and staffs, underground caverns with bridges across bottomless chasms, desolate wastelands bordering on sinister fortresses, and wide plains full of a superior breed of horse all gain new vitality.

Perhaps the major source of this lies in the character of Thomas Covenant, Unbeliever and leper—yes, leper. Like John Carter and the Pevensie children before him, he is translated into a world where everyone assumes he is a hero come to save them. But unlike them, he recoils from giving what he sees as false hope by immersing himself in the heroic role: his leprosy makes him unable to believe that he is not dreaming, for he cannot afford to relax the iron discipline that keeps him alive on earth. And furthermore, he was summoned to the Land (as it is called) by Lord Foul the Despiser, who combines the evil of the White Witch with the manipulative ability of the Lensmens' Mentor of Arisia—so Covenant can never know whether or not Foul is fixing everything that occurs. "But Foul has arranged it all. He—or the part of me that does the dreaming—has been arranging everything from the beginning. He's been manipulating me". As if these problems aren't enough, the supposed source of Covenant's power is his ex-wife's white gold wedding ring—

> "There is wild magic graven in every rock,
> contained for white gold to unleash or control."

But neither Covenant nor anybody else except Lord Foul has any idea of how to release this power.

Though Covenant is pure Bogart—sceptic, caustic, refusing responsibility—the Land itself is full of echoes of William Morris, of Middle-earth, Narnia and Earthsea. A land where people serve the Earthpower, and where the Lords of Revelstone, mages of wisdom, live in peace studying dead Kevin's lore, protected by the weaponless Bloodguard, the ancient soldiers whose vow to Kevin keeps them ageless, deathless, sleepless: where men and women obtain light and heat from wood and stone: where Giants live by the sea, forever searching for the way home. All have sworn the Oath of Peace—

> "Do not hurt where holding is enough;
> do not wound where hurting is enough;
> do not maim where wounding is enough;
> and kill not where maiming is enough.
> The greatest warrior is one who does not need to kill."

They reject vengeance and violence, and, unique in such a book, patriarchy and sexism.

Here Donaldson adds yet another touch of his own. For it was that same old Lord Kevin whose hidden lore is

The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever

1) Lord Fouls Bane	£1.25
2) The illearth war	£1.25
3) The power that preserves	£1.25

uncomprehendingly revered by the new Lords, who desecrated the Land, destroying all in his last, failed attempt to slay Foul. Those olden, golden days turn out to be fundamentally flawed—in this fantasy, nostalgia for the past is one of the most fatal errors in the present. Covenant the leper knew this all along.

The plot—or rather plots, as this is a genuine trilogy rather than a three-volume novel—is too complex to summarize further. It unfolds like a Greek tragedy, fatal consequence piling up on human error, with the demonical Foul pulling the strings. There are no easy or comfortable escapes in this work—there's rape, murder, betrayal and genocide—even as you read, key characters die or get killed, whilst old ghosts from the previous volume help the web spin inexorably towards its lonely climax.

Read these books—the writing is unobtrusively good (difficult in a fantasy), the plot is truly superb, and the characterization, in the main, complex and satisfying. They're also good value—450 pages in each. It's impossible to convey the richness of them here—except to say that even if you read this review first, you'll still be surprised at the quality of the books, and how much better they get—near myths indeed.

Masters of Comic Book Art—£4.95

MASTERS OF COMIC BOOK ART (by P.R. Garnock)

Aurum Press/Big O Publishing £4.95 (130 pages)

The prime intention of this book is to introduce newcomers to comic art to the best from the comic art world. The book highlights the work of 10 of the world's greatest comic artists. Some of those included are Rich Corben and Robert Crumb from America, Phillippe Druillet and Jean Guraud from France and Barry Smith and Frank Bellamy from Britain.

Each artist has a chapter of his own giving examples of his best work and a narrative history of the artist. The book is packed with lots of black and white and colour illustrations.

Although the price may be considered slightly high by some it should be recommended in that this kind of book is long overdue and it is very good to see this being published in Britain.

MECHANISMO—Harry Harrison.
Big O—£4.95 (120 pages)

MECHANISMO is quite a stunning book and it should kill the demand for books on the technical side of S.F. The illustration is of a high standard throughout. Some plates, I understand, will be available as posters. The best way to describe this book is to repeat what is written on the back.

"In MECHANISMO the future has come. In MECHANISMO intergalactic space travel has arrived, biotic robots are a thing of the present, space ports to service the stars and planets are real, space cities are inhabited, fantastic machines, time machines, battle robots and massive computers exist here and now.

"In MECHANISMO you can see a Gaussi Fighter in full colour and then as an engineer's technical drawing with the armaments, drive power and all specifications given in complete detail. Here you will discover the most startling machines illustrated specially for the book· troop carriers, personnel craft, giant time machines, a computer that would fill an entire city and cities built in the image of Man, visited by alien races. You will see, too, the technical drawings for an actual planned NASA space colony, twenty five miles long and two miles in diameter.

"In MECHANISMO you become part of the future and can live through the illustrations in worlds that may one day exist."

Mechanismo—Harry Harrison—£4.95

Frank Kelly Freas, The Art of Science Fiction —£4.50

FRANK KELLY FREAS—
THE ART OF SCIENCE FICTION

£4.50 (120 pages)

Frank Kelly Freas is one of America's best known Science Fiction book cover artists and illustrators. This book prints a large selection of his work from the 50s to the 70s with comments by many S.F. writers just about all of whom have had Mr. Freas do a cover for them at one time or another. Unfortunately most of the books have come out in Britain with different jacket designs but the style will be very familiar to those who are lucky enough to buy American import titles. Certainly a worth while book.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS WE ONLY HAVE COVERS FOR SO HERE ARE THE PUBLICITY DETAILS.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION YEAR BOOK
Ed. Colin Lester. Big/Pierrot Publishing—£2.95 368 pages.

Conventions, fanzines, publishers, agents, authors, artists, exhibitions, magazines, comics, societies, organisations, obituaries, music, recordings, science, name interests, fringe interests, gaming, anthologies, APA's, miscellaneous services, awards, radio and drama, workshops, TV, movies. Sections introduced by Ben Bova, Ramsey Campbell, Darko Suvin, Bernard Goorden, Mike Ashley and others. Illustrations from the fanzines, cartoonists and artists working in the professional and amateur SF field.

The ultimate book of SF information on the market.

PROJECTIONS 79 CALENDAR
Big O—£2.95

Out of mystical midnight skies, across intergalactic landscapes, comes shadows of the past and visions of the future. Gilbert Williams has carried airbrush art to its highest form with these twelve finely wrought images brought together to form **Projections.**

VISIONS—A CALENDAR FOR 1979
Big O—£2.95

From the Bay Area Artists, whose vivid imagery was the inspiration for the much-acclaimed book **Visions,** comes a superb calendar for 1979. New horizons created by *Hyde, Martin, Rose, McReynolds* and others for an enlightening new year.

Heavy Metal (monthly comic) 95p.

Heavy Metal has been going for about a year and a half now and commands a great deal of attention as the best adult comic. They reprint a lot of French work from Metal Hurlant and add to this the best American. The artists regularly featured are Corben, Moebius, Druillet, Bode and many others. There is a large colour content to the 96 pages an issue, making it very good value for 95p.
Recently they have produced spin off books featuring the work of single artists and these we hope to review and make available through mail order in future issues.

The Jewel in the Skull—£2.95

Heavy Metal
Sept, Oct, Nov @ 95p

Another Time Another Place, Rodney Matthews Calendar 79—£3.95

ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE

THE RODNEY MATTHEWS CALENDAR FOR 1979

Big O Publishing—£3.95

Like last year's Matthew calendar this is a surefire seller with a few of his posters and many of his recent book jacket designs, in particular those for the Witchworld series by Andre Norton. This large calendar (16ins x 16½ins) is extremely well produced with excellent artwork and is sure to be one of the calendars of the year

A Pictorial History of S.F. Films—£4.95

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION FILMS

By Jeff Rovin. C.S.P. Books—£4.95 (240 pages) b+w

This is one of the best illustrated books of S.F. Films and covers them all up to 1975 with a complete index in the rear of the book. Until recently this book was only available in hard cover at a much higher price. The book makes a good companion to "Fantastic Television" which at the moment is being reprinted.

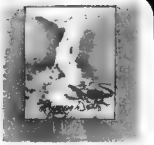
Lone Sloane Delirius—£3.95

The Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta. Vol. 1—£3.95. Vol 2—£3.95

Future 5, 6 @ 75p

Starlog 16, 17 @ 75p

Views—Roger Dean—£4.95

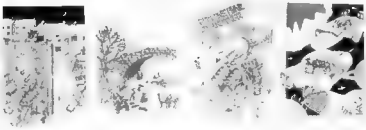


Mana's Manna—Bob Venosa—£3.95

MANA'S MANNA—BOB VENOSA

Big O Publishing—£3 95 (78 pages)

Something to go alongside Abdul Mati Klarwein's God Jokes, this book is a great combination of words and pictures. The pictures are immediately striking with their crystaline clarity and hypnotic effect on the eyes with something in colour anywhere you open the book. The words are Bob Venosa's view of things cosmic, of light, life and truth. It is a consciousness expanding book without being specifically religious, a book of the infinite and infinitessimal, a book to expand your limits but above all a book of pictures that will keep you occupied for hours.



1 2 3 4

Galaxy Media Christmas Cards (with envelopes). Drawn by Chris Haddon- any 4 £1.00, 25p each additional card.

HOW TO ORDER

TOTAL UP THE LISTED PRICE OF THE GOODS REQUIRED AND ADD THE POSTAGE AND PACKING CHARGE.
POSTAGE AND PACKING CALCULATED AS FOLLOWS:

50p FOR 1st ITEM ORDERED (30p MAGAZINES), THEN ADD 10% OF LIST PRICE FOR ANY SUBSEQUENT ITEMS. (THIS ALSO APPLIES TO SURFACE MAIL OVERSEAS, SORRY NO AIRMAIL.)

PLEASE LIST ALL ITEMS REQUIRED AND SEND ORDERS TO "SCIENCE FICTION BOOKSHOP", 40 WEST CROSSCAUSEWAY, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
MAKE ALL CHEQUES, P.O.s etc. PAYABLE TO S.F. BOOKSHOP IN STERLING ONLY (STRICTLY CASH WITH ORDER).

REMEMBER TO INCLUDE YOUR OWN ADDRESS)

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL WILSON. ART BY GRAHAM MANLEY. ©1998

A COLUMN OF ROCK RESTING ON THE HORIZON THE SUMMIT OF WHICH SERVED AS AN ENTRANCE INTO THE CLOUD-STAINED VERMILION SUNSET.
"COME THE TIME OF SHADOWS, SPIRIT OF THE DESOLATE, MY CURSE SHALL BIND YOU AND YOUR EXISTENCE SHALL BE PRISONER OF MY SHADOW"
KHARA SENTINEL: MOST FIERCE AND VIPERISH OF CREATURES,
THE SUN CAST LONG AND LONELY SHADOWS....

IN THE GLOOM WHISPERS SPIRALLED ROUND THE ORNATE ROOM... UNVOCALIZED WHISPERS, WHISPERS, UNDECISIVE AS THOSE SHADOWS THAT LOOMED....
AROTHEL... AROTHEL...
"AROTHEL"... AS IF SWALLOWED BY A SWIFT BREEZE THE WHISPERS MELTED FROM HEARING AND WERE GONE,
"KRAIMER"
THE LANDSCAPE REELED, AND KRAIMER FELL UNDER THE WEIGHT OF DIZZINESS....
KRAIMER YAWNED AND WITH THE EXPULSION OF A FINE MIST SIGHED.
HIS SHADOW SHIVERED AND THE BRINGING TOGETHER OF THE TWO SHACKLED THE SPIRIT TO THE CONFINES OF THAT SHADOW.
TIME OF SHADOWS

THE SUNSET EXHIBITED ITS FINE ARRAY IN SHADES OF RED AND ORANGE LIKE THE TAIL FEATHERS OF A PEACOCK.
"KRAIMER, THAT WHICH LIES BEYOND THE SUNSET IS SACRED TO THOSE WHO DWELL THERE. BEFORE YOUR FLESH, DRIPPING BLACK BLOOD, IS THROWN INTO THE ABYSS CALLED DEATH, FOR THE WORMS TO CHURN IN YOUR BELLY, MAKE SWIFT YOUR DEPARTURE."
BRITTLE GREY IN THE LIGHT THE CRUMBLING OF ROCK SCATTERED BENEATH KRAIMERS' FEET, A TIGHT GRIP OF HAND SECURED THE HAIRLINE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
"AND THE VENOM ENTERED KHARA..."
"AND KHARA TURNED TO STONE..."
"TURNED TO STONE..."
"THERE WAS STONE AND THE STONE TURNED TO DUST..."
"TURNED TO DUST..."
"THERE WAS DUST AND THE WIND CARRIED THE DUST ON THE BONE OF ITS WINGS."
"YOU WERE ONCE SLAUGHTERED BY WOLVES... NOW YOU EXIST ONLY TO SERVE SHE WHO ONCE HAD YOU SLAUGHTERED— ARKARDINA. BUT THAT SHALL NOT STOP ME."
AND WITH A FINE MIST HE EMITTED THE BREATH OF VENOM THAT HAD BEEN PRISONER OF HIS SHADOW.
© GRAHAM MANLEY 1978
TO BE CONTINUED.

STAR RUN SAGA

CHAPTER 2: **DUSK OVER DREDDON**

GRAPHICS AND TEXT: JOHN EUNGON.

LOOK, MENDRIX, WE'RE AS MUCH IN THE DARK AS YOU ARE. THE LAST WE SAW OF YOU WAS WHEN YOUR MODULE MYSTERIOUSLY EXPLODED WHEN YOU TRIED TO BREACH THE BLACK HOLE THE STRAHAGANS USED TO ESCAPE THROUGH AFTER THE MASSACRE OF ADELPHI IV.
...THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO!
SINCE THEN, I'VE HAD COMMAND OF THE 'APHELION'.
A FEW HOURS AGO WE FOUND A STATUE ON WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS SOME ORBITING STAR MINE...
YOU WERE INSIDE THAT 'STATUE'!

CORRECTION, CAPTAIN, THE STATUE WAS SOME KIND OF CRYOGENIC SEAL, AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT.
WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING. SO- YOU WERE IN DEEP FREEZE.
ZHEON!
CAN YOU TELL US WHO PUT YOU THERE? CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AFTER YOU ENTERED THE BLACK HOLE?
PRESUMEABLY YOUR SHIP DIDN'T BLOW UP?
OR IT DID!
BUT SOMEHOW BY THE FREAK MECHANICS OF THE BLACK HOLE, YOU WERE SUCKED TO THE OTHER SIDE. CAN'T YOU TELL US ANYTHING?
NO!
ZHEON, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS MAN IS MENDRHIX?
LOOK: NO TWO CREATURES CAN HAVE THE SAME LIFE READINGS, CAN THEY?
BUT SOMEONE COULD HAVE LACED HIM WITH MENDRHIX'S LIFE READINGS, COULD THEY NOT?
THE THEORY'S THERE, CRR'CHI, BUT NOT THE METHOD.
BUT IF HE HAD BEEN SUCKED TO THE OTHER SIDE, THE CHANCES ARE THIS COULD BE A STRAHAGAN PLOY. THEY COULD HAVE THAT METHOD, ZHEON, AND THEY—

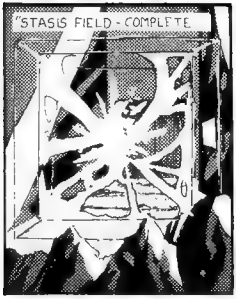
NOW LISTEN, THEL, I AM MENDRHIX!
I'M SORRY-- MENDRHIX-- WE CANT AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES. COMPUTER, SEND TWO SLAVES TO THE MEDICBAY.
NO!
I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS SHIP. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN PROVE...
"APPROACHING DREDDON, CAPTAIN."
I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN CONNECTOR FOUR. LEAVE HIM, ZHEON. YOU AND CORCHI COME WITH ME. TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS.

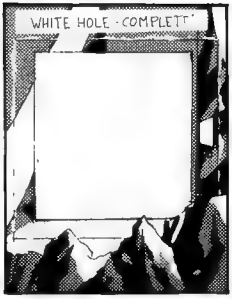
DESIGNATE: DREDDON AN INDEPENDENT PLANET BUT A CRUCIAL PIVOT POINT FOR THE THREE OPPOSING POWERS IN THE TRI-WAY WAR.

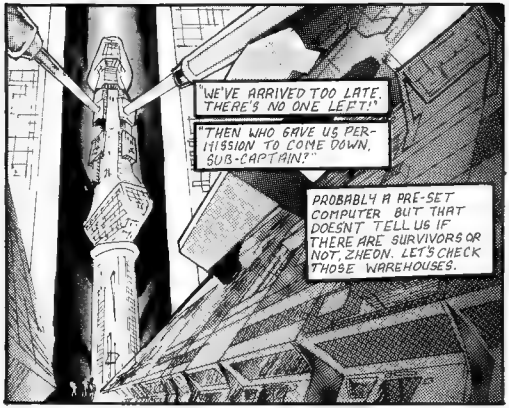
THAT, TOO, WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO, AND ALTHOUGH THE STRAHAGANS WERE DRIVEN AWAY FROM DREDDON---

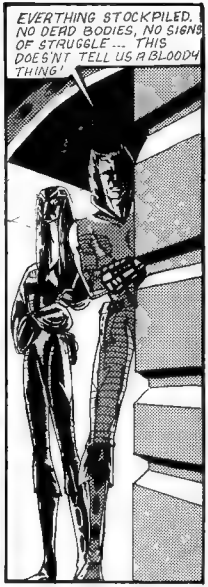
THE COMMON SYSTEMS DREDDON FORCE WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.

SINCE DREDDON LIES WITHIN ALLIANCE TERRITORY, IT IS THE C.S.M' GOVERNMENT'S DUTY TO RECOMPENSATE THE PLANET, FOR ANY LOSS OR DAMAGED ACCRUING FROM THE WAR.

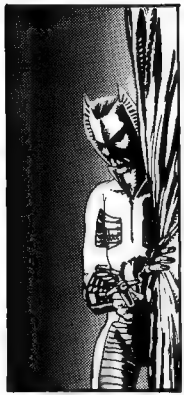




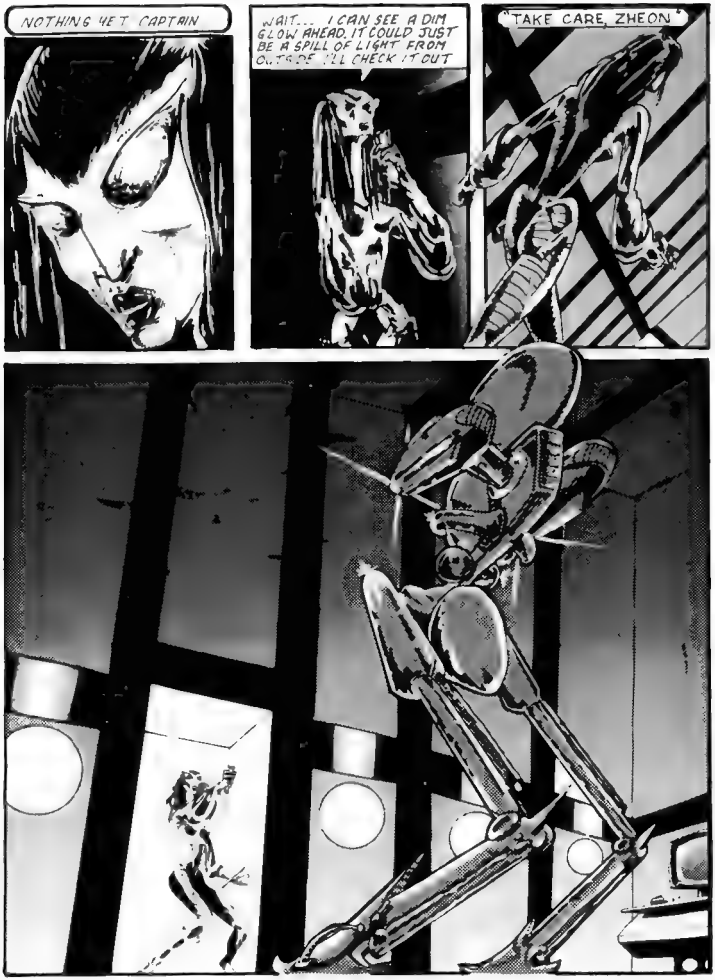

"WE'VE ARRIVED TOO LATE. THERE'S NO ONE LEFT!"
"THEN WHO GAVE US PERMISSION TO COME DOWN, SUB-CAPTAIN?"
PROBABLY A PRE-SET COMPUTER BUT THAT DOESN'T TELL US IF THERE ARE SURVIVORS OR NOT, ZHEON. LET'S CHECK THOSE WAREHOUSES.

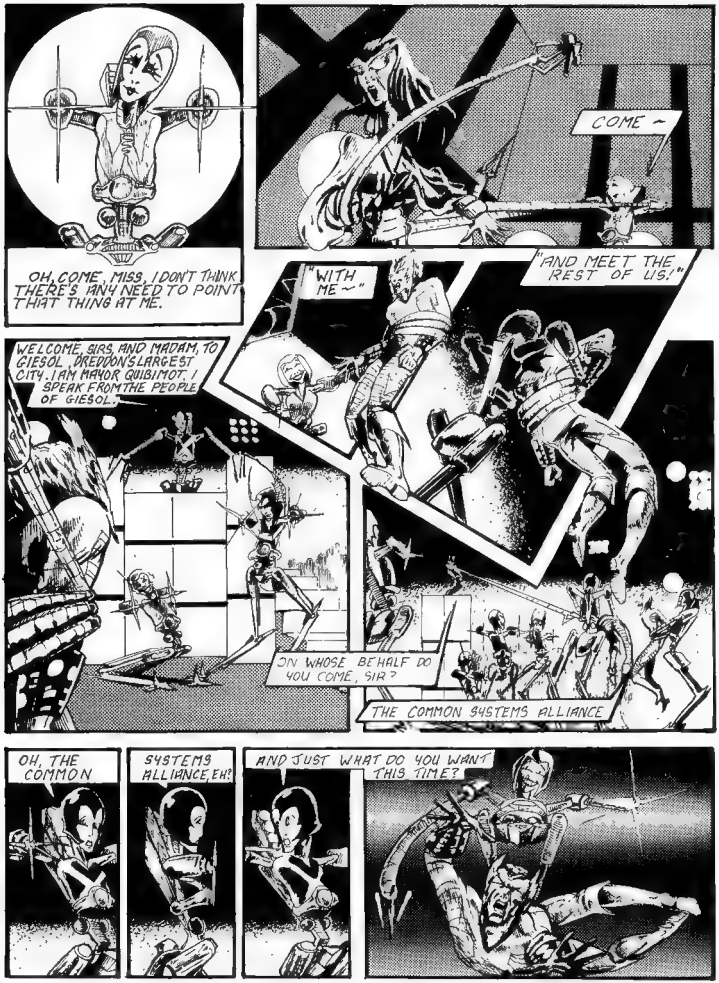

EVERTHING STOCKPILED. NO DEAD BODIES, NO SIGNS OF STRUGGLE... THIS DOESN'T TELL US A BLOODY THING!

LET'S SPLIT UP FOR A WHILE.

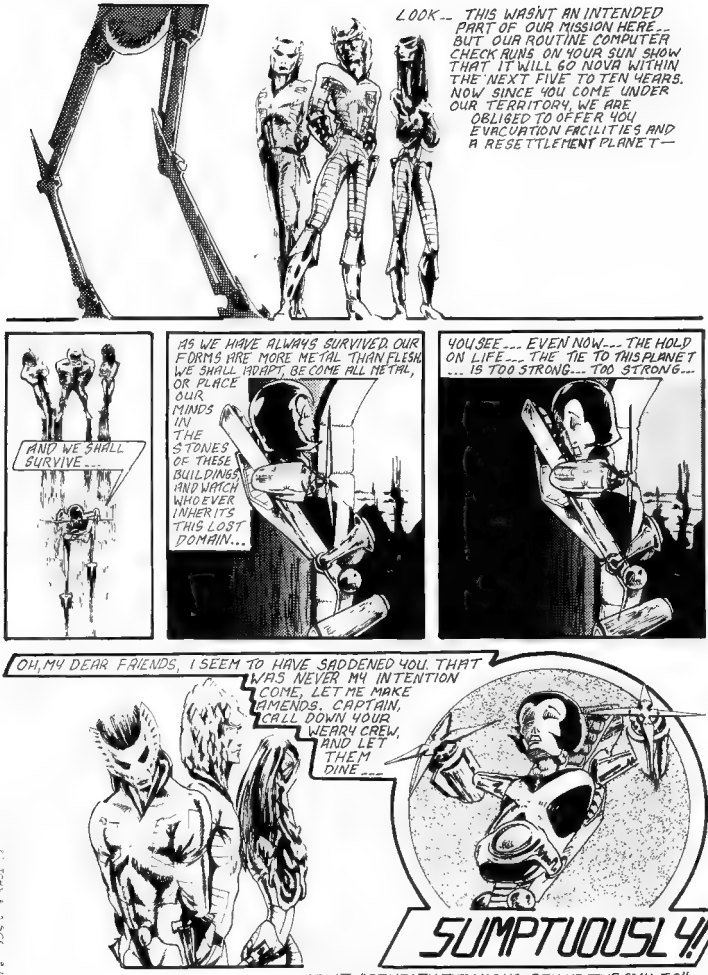


ANYTHING, ZHEON?


NOTHING YET CAPTAIN
WAIT... I CAN SEE A DIM GLOW AHEAD. IT COULD JUST BE A SPILL OF LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE. I'LL CHECK IT OUT
"TAKE CARE, ZHEON"

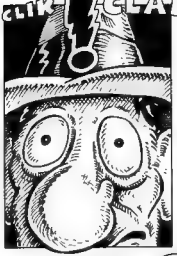

OH, COME, MISS, I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY NEED TO POINT THAT THING AT ME.
COME ~
"WITH ME ~"
"AND MEET THE REST OF US!"
WELCOME, SIRS, AND MADAM, TO GIESOL, DREDDON'S LARGEST CITY. I AM MAYOR QUIBIMOT. I SPEAK FROM THE PEOPLE OF GIESOL.
ON WHOSE BEHALF DO YOU COME, SIR?
THE COMMON SYSTEMS ALLIANCE
OH, THE COMMON
SYSTEMS ALLIANCE, EH?
AND JUST WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME?

WE..CAME..TO OFFER.. HELP.
HELP? YOU HELPED US ONCE BEFORE, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED, CAPTAIN...?
THEL.. OF THE APHELION SIGMA.
WHAT YOU DON'T REALIZE, SIR, IS THAT IT IS YOU WHO TURNED US FROM HEALTHY CREATURES OF FLESH AND BEAUTY INTO THESE... PITIFUL SUGGESTIONS OF OUR FORMER HUMANITY... THE RADIO-ACTIVE BACTERIA YOU SWEPT OUR FAIR PLANET WITH—
THAT'S A LIE! OUR ENEMIES—NOT US—SPRAYED THOSE GERMS IN AN ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT OUR FORCES HERE. YOU CAN BE THANKFUL WE MANAGED TO FORCE THE STRAHAGANS AWAY FROM HERE, OTHERWISE YOU WOULD'NT HAVE ANY EXISTANCE WHATSOEVER. BUT EVEN THEN YOUR PLANET WAS HARDLY 'FAIR'!
TRUE, OUR OWN WARS HAD TURNED THE AIR AND THE SOIL BAD, FORCING US TO RECOIL WITHIN OUR VAST STOCKPILE CITIES. BUT AT LEAST OUR FATHERS, WHO DIED IN THE POISONS, AND OUR MOTHERS, WHO PERISHED AS WE OOZED LIMBLESS FROM OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF THEIR WOMBS, COULD WALK ON THEIR OWN LEGS, COULD PICK UP CRATES AND UNWRAP PACKAGES WITH THEIR OWN HANDS, AND COULD BEAR THE SIGHT OF THEIR OWN FACES!
FORGIVE ME... WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU COME FOR?



NEXT: "BENEATH THE MASKS, BEHIND THE SMILES"

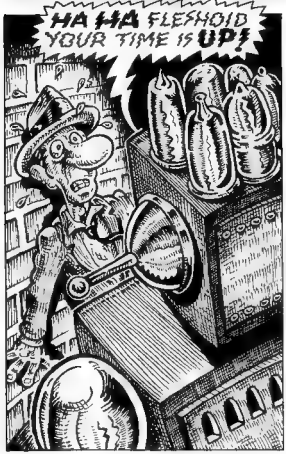
Radio Comix
INVASION OF THE RADIO-MEN!
GULP!

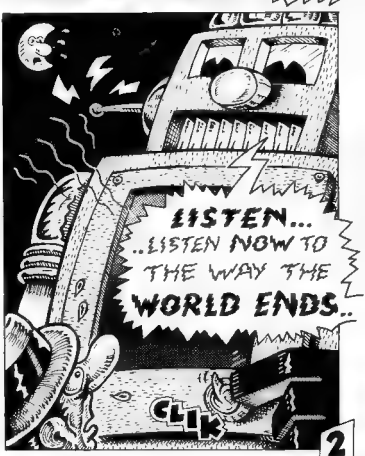

CLIK
CLAK

CLICK CLAK

CLIK CLAK

CLIK CLAK
YIKE!


HA HA FLESHOID
YOUR TIME IS UP!


LISTEN...
..LISTEN NOW TO
THE WAY THE
WORLD ENDS..
CLIK

2

RADIOS
Hotel
SNIG
SHEE-IT!
3

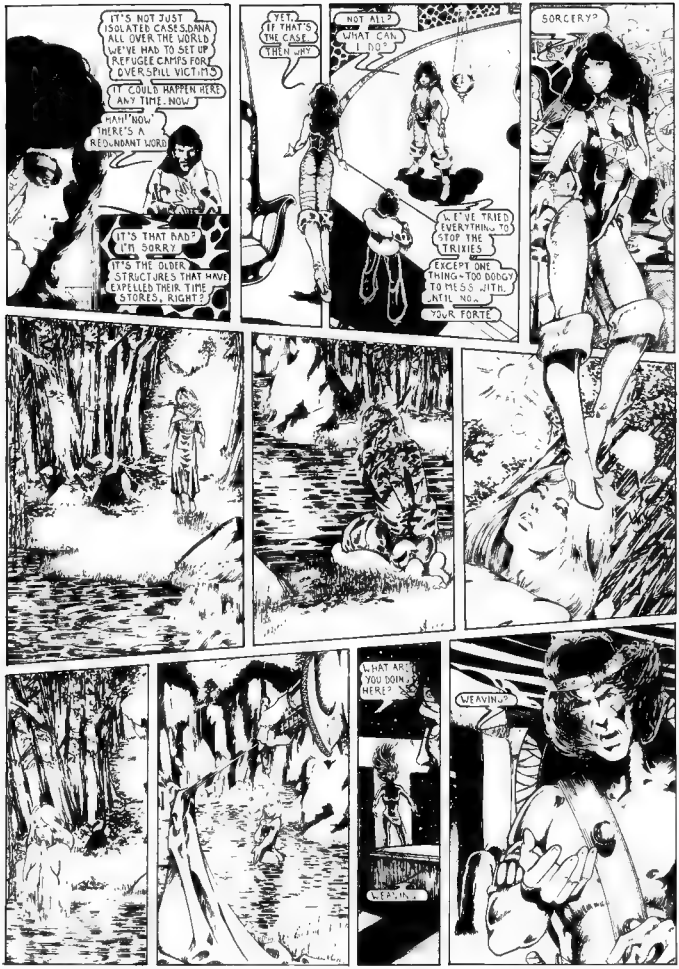
©BONK 1978 BRAINSTORM STUDIOS

THIS IS NOT YOUR PLACE WOMAN!
BACK TO THE CORN AND THE MOTHER!

YOU ARE A FOOL, BFACHDAIR

THE MOTHER IS HERE.
ARADIA WALKS THE WIND. YOUR TIME IS OVER, WARRIOR. THE CIRCLE TURNS NOW TO ITS ENDING.
WAIT FOR CAOMHAINN
I HAVE COME FROM CERNE ABBAS AND YNIS WYTRIN, FROM ABIRI AND THE GREEN PLAINS.
I HAVE SEEN THE POWER CHANGE ON THE OLD TRACKS SEEN THI

WE HAD AT GREENWICH THERE'S NEW TRIXIES OPENING UP ALL OVER.
CHRIST, WE'VE LOST OXFORD COMPLETELY. THE CHRONAL OVERSPILL SWAMPED A SIX MILE RADIUS.
THAT'S TIME FOR YOU QUENTIN OLD BEAN
IT HAS TO REACH A SATURATION POINT SOONER OR LATER
Time is a four letter word
BY GRANT MORRISON
JUNE 1982

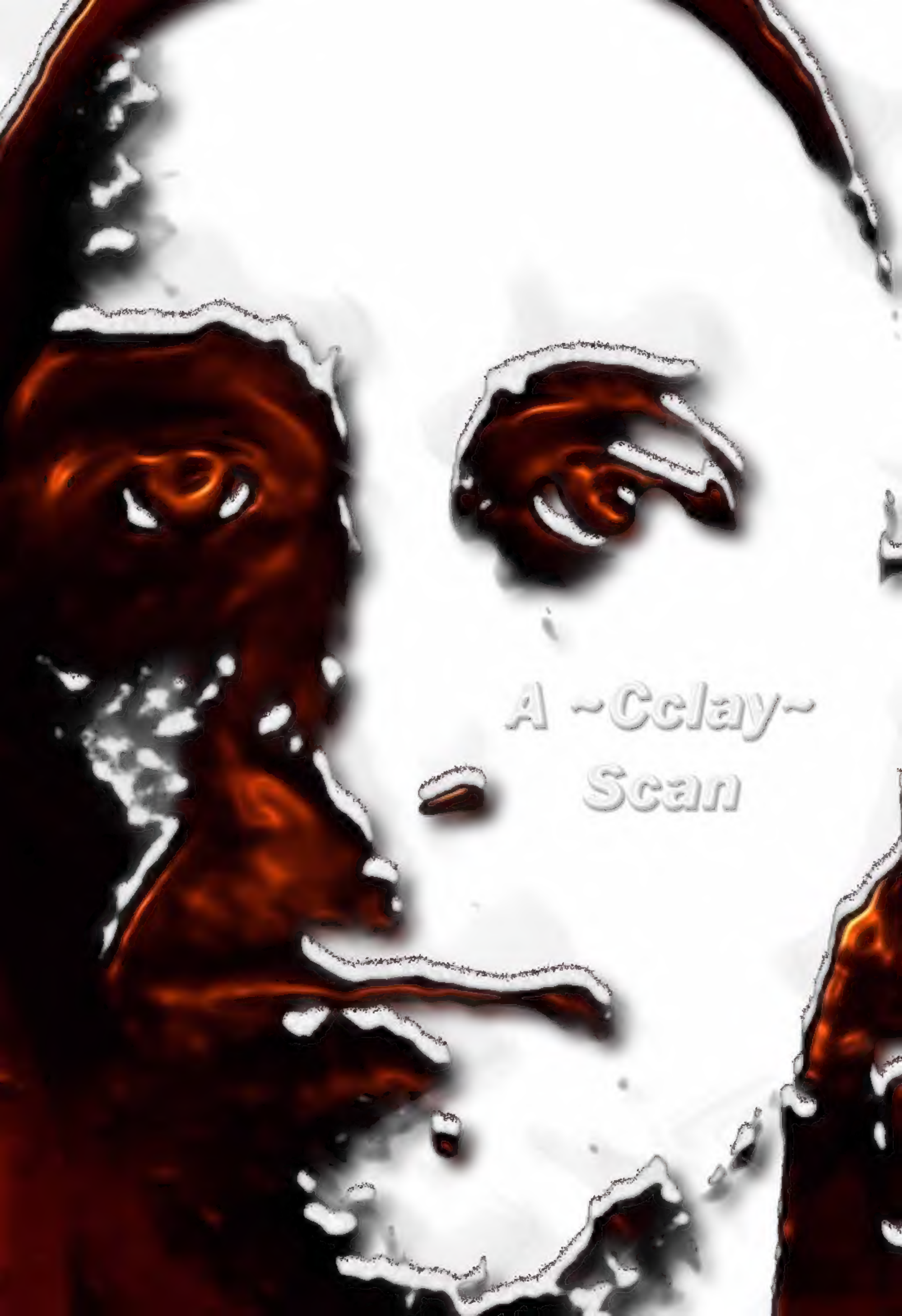

IT'S NOT JUST ISOLATED CASES, DANA. ALL OVER THE WORLD WE'VE HAD TO SET UP REFUGEE CAMPS FOR OVERSPILL VICTIMS
IT COULD HAPPEN HERE ANY TIME, NOW
HAH! NOW THERE'S A REDUNDANT WORD
IT'S THAT BAD? I'M SORRY.
IT'S THE OLDER STRUCTURES THAT HAVE EXPELLED THEIR TIME STORES, RIGHT?
YET. IF THAT'S THE CASE
THEN WHY
NOT ALL?
WHAT CAN I DO?
WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO STOP THE TRIXIES
EXCEPT ONE THING - TOO DODGY TO MESS WITH UNTIL NOW.
YOUR FORTE
SORCERY?
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
WEAVIN'.
WEAVIN'?

WOMAN, I GROW ANGRY! I HAVE TRAVELLED THIS WHOLE LAND OF ALBION, ONLY TO FIND A CORN MOTHER POISONING THE OLE POWER
I WILL KILL YOU IF I MUST EVEN HERE
I HAVE THE CONSENT OF THE DRUIDS
THE DRUIDS!? OH, YOU ARE A FOOL THE DRUIDS HAVE NO POWER HERE, AND THE POISON WAS THEIRS- WITH THEIR DEATH AND THEIR BLOOD AND THE WICKER MAN'S BURNING
IF YOU WILL NOT WATCH THE DAWN, RETURN TO YOUR OAK GROVES AND WATCH THE WORLD'S ENDING
IT'S NOT JUST THE OBVIOUS EFFECTS, EITHER. EVEN OUTSIDE THE TRIXIE FIELD IT'S GETTING WEIRD.
WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE OF MILTON KEYNES SUDDENLY GONE PAGAN THEY'RE WORSHIPPING THE CORN GODDESS AND CERNUNNOS UP THERE. EVEN THE CHURCHES ARE BEING CONVERTED
THE WHOLE THINGS ESCALATED INTO WORLD CRISIS. ALL IT TAKES IS FOR A FEW MORE SITES TO GO TRIXIE, THE EFFECT TO SPREAD, AND TIME IS TOTALLY BUGGERED
WE'LL BE LAUGHING
PERHAPS PEOPLE ARE ADAPTING TO LIFE IN A WORLD OF SHIFTING TIME LEVELS SO THE OLD GODS ARE BACK IN VOGUE, EH?
IT'S FREEZING
YOUR CAR, OR
MINE AS USUAL
YOU DRIVE BETTER~ I CONCEDE THAT
BESIDES YOU SEEM TO HAVE A FAIR IDEA WHERE WE'RE GOING
TELL ME?
SOMEWHERE THAT SHOULD HAVE EXPLODED WITH TIME SATURATION.
BUT IT HASN'T...YET.
WE MAY'S BEST, I THINK
STOP PLAYING I-SPY AND JUST TELL ME WHERE THE BLOODY
FUCK?
AH!
STREETLAMPS PASS, BRIGHTER THAN STARS AND THE MOON IS FULL
YOU CAN COME OUT THE WATER IF YOU WANT YOUR CLOTHES, GIRL.
MY LORD, I CAN NOT
I AM CORN MAIDEN AND IT IS COME TO MAY DAY.
YOU MUST NOT TOUCH ME, LORD TO TOUCH THE MAIDEN BEFORE HER TIME IS TO
DIEEEE!!!
BY GOD! DAMN YOUR FALSE MODESTY!
MAIDEN, IS IT?

WE'LL SOON SEE.
HEATHEN SLUT!
I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING, WOMAN.
FORGIVE ME.
TOO LATE BEACHBAIR.
LOOK!
CAOMHAINN!
THE END HAS COME!
YEAH! WHAT? ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND YEARS, ISN'T IT? ALL THAT TIME AND POWER...
IF THIS GOES, WE'RE IN TROUBLE. THIS AND THE AVEBURY FIELD WOULD SWALLOW THE WHOLE OF SOUTH ENGLAND.
YOU'D THINK IT WOULD HAVE. WHY NOT?
I'LL CHECK WITH A BIT OF PSCHOMETRY FIRST. THAT MIGHT HELP.
MAYBE THE STONES ARE WAITING FOR SOMETHING-- COINCIDENCE -- CONJUNCTION.
OH.
QUENTIN. GET AWAY. QUICKLY. I WAS WRONG.
QUICK!
BEFORE IT...
A TRIGGER. I FEEL SOMETHING HERE.
IT'S ALMOST DAWN...
HAPPENS
HAPPENS

BY THE MOTHER AND THE HORNED GOD, I CHARGE YOU!
WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE!
HERE
HERE
WHAT DO YOU SEE, BEACHDAIR?
S'SEE?
WHAT DO I SEE?
A TOWER ~ WHERE NO TOWER COULD BE.
DANA?
QUENTIN! IT'S US. OH MY GOD!
WE WERE THE TRIGGER!
COMPLETED THE PATTERN!
IT'S US!
THE ACCUMULATED TIME STORE OF STONEHENGE BREAKS LOOSE. THE RUSH OF ENERGY SPANS THE WORLD, TRIGGERING THE FINAL CHAIN REACTION. CAUGHT ON THE WIND, DANA FALLS.
BLOOD... FROM NOSE, EARS, TEAR DUCTS... THE WOUNDS OF GHOSTLY WEAPONS GAPE HIS SCREAM IS FOREVER.
...A SOUND...
I AM THE FIRE ON THE HIGH HILL!
I AM THE CALM SWAN'S DAUGHTER!
MOTHER, BE HERE!...
SOMEWHERE...
DEAR GOD...
HERE.
HERE
HERE
...A SCENT OF HAWTHORN.
...OF FALLING RAIN.

GRAHAM MANLEY '78


A ~Celay~
Scan